

## that funny feeling

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## that funny feeling

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

His last summer to watch Sap chase George around the dock with a flopping perch in hand, to watch George retaliate by slinging sticky soda over his pale back as he squats to re-worm his hook.

Last summer to drive up to the lake for weeks at a time with his friends, hole up in his secret nook with his favorite boy in the whole wide world. His last summer to kiss George under the warm rainfall of the shower, ducking around angry hits when he lands a smack on a plump ass.

So. He'll enjoy what he has while it lasts.

or, dream's scared to lose his boy, so he'll show him just how loved he is

### Notes

my notes for this fic are: this kinda SUCKS ASSS but IDC love u guys sososososo much and yall r so rad

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Summertime has always been Dream's favorite. No fucking school to worry about, no parents breathing down his neck about missing assignments and barely passed tests. All the time in the world to watch George scroll through his phone looking for his favorite playlists, seated happily in the passenger side of his car, bruises on the sides of his throat.

Always been Dream's favorite for the light it brings, the tropic storms, and moonlit eternity waiting just outside the door.

This summer though, is his last as a kid. Yeah, legally he's an adult, but still. His last summer to fuck around with his friends before real adult life starts, that daunting first year of college.

Last summer to watch Sap chase George around the dock with a flopping perch in hand, to watch George retaliate by slinging sticky soda over his pale back as he squats to re-worm his hook.

Last summer to drive up to the lake for weeks at a time with his friends, hole up in his secret nook with his favorite boy in the whole wide world. His last summer to kiss George under the warm rainfall of the shower, ducking around angry hits when he lands a smack on a plump ass.

So. He'll enjoy what he has while it lasts.

He'll stuff his goddamn stomach with sticky red watermelon and cheap beer. He'll stuff George full with himself, will shove love into every corner of the earth.

He'll fill his car with pine-shaped cardboard, and scream the lyrics to some old punk rock songs while George covers his ears with dainty hands. He'll cover his back in sunshine and freckles, his knees in stupid scars, and his best friends will be by his side the whole fucking time.

He'll dive deep into that pool, cover himself and all bystanders in chlorinated water, and he'll grin widely every time his mom kisses George's cherry red cheeks when she finds him at the breakfast nook far too early in the morning to have done anything but spent the night.

He'll drive out to that cabin, by the lakeside, friends in tow and he'll spend all day doing fuck-all.

And when he's done, he'll slip under plaid sheets, covered in pillowed balls of cotton, and let himself relax, a pretty boy on his chest, warm smile, and a lemonade-soaked heart.

So, his personal mission succeeds, and that's pretty much how they end up at the end of every night, everyone dead tired and sun drained, slinking off to bed before George and Dream do. Their tired absence leaves them to walk, though George gets carried most of the time, to the master and collapse onto a blessedly sturdy, not-creaky bed.

It's good like this. It's good when they can be close.

It's fun.

But Dream's got that tiny little worry in the back of his head that just won't quit.

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It's a night like any other, but the fireworks they'd all planned to shoot off into the July sky have been cut off early, thunderstorms rolling in and with it—clouds of noxious humidity.

And with humidity comes mosquitoes, all of which is to say, from the hours 12 to, well, *now*, they've all been stuck inside watching TV, playing on the PS3 left here from summers ago,

cooking food on the deck—whatever they damn well please.

It's alright though. Everyone gets along well, and at the end of the night, when everyone's tired from looking at the insides of the living room and parts ways to their bunks, Dream gets to do his favorite thing in the world.

He gets to make out with George in his house, in his bedroom.

*Nice.*

George breathes soft and sweet into his mouth, lips parting easily as Dream sucks onto them, nipping softly to make pretty little whines filter through the achingly cool midnight air.

“You gonna fall asleep on me, baby?” Dream teases, hands holding gently over the soft swell of George's naked hip. Gently, he feels George melt between his fingers, his body sliding deeper in between the soft cotton.

“M...m'not.” George slurs, lips pressing sloppily to the side of Dream's jaw, growing hot and red as they rasp over the dark blonde stubble. “I'm awake. Swear.”

George always gets tired the fastest out of all of them. Dream can't even count the amount of times he's tossed a passed-out George over his shoulder and lugged him off to bed far before anyone else turned in.

Still, it's alright. He's cute when he's sleepy.

Dream rumbles lowly in response, slotting their lips back together. He tastes like bubblegum, his soft lips chewed raw, sweet blood chasing after sunshine with endless intimacy.

George whimpers out a not-quite-moan, long lashes fluttering shut as he throws skinny arms over Dream's shoulders. Soft lips part again, slick tongues pushing into pink mouths, hips slowly grinding against warm thighs.

Dream loses himself in the taste of skin, moonlit and warm under his tongue, the prettiest thing he's ever known lazing softly beside him. A calloused hand slides slowly up a velvety spine, rubbing slow circles into each rounded jut of bone.

He noses down the beautiful curve of George's throat, suckling wine-red and prussian blue into marmoreal infinities. Dream nips gently, unwilling to cause any real pain, nor to break the gentle haze of easy breathing and thudding rainfall.

The TV flickers in the corner, soft box lighting filling the cozy space with knowing shades of golden ashfall.

His mouth falls into George's collarbone, gently running sharp canines over longbow ivory, deep pools of moon water to slake his thirst.

George's skin is clean, tasting of nothing but love and humanity. He smells vaguely of Dream's body wash, pineapple and jasmine, warm heat from the soft hollow of his throat, the topaz pendant coiled low and homely in the space it finds there. He's soft, even after soaking in chlorine and UV rays all day.

Dream shifts back up again, having painted ivory in brilliant splashes of deep reds and blues, and is greeted with trust unimaginable.

With his perfect face fallen tenderly shut, and his swollen lips parted softly, his baroque beauty shines through the gaps of his eyelashes.

He's asleep, beautifully. Morpheus' gentle hands have taken hold of him, lulling his rocking boat deep into the sea. The light sunburn of his cheeks lends itself to the simple beauty of it all, the bridge of his nose dotted with fawn-colored freckles.

Dream's heart flourishes, soft pangs of adoration bleeding through his skin. He melts with the soft curve of George's jaw, peppered sparsely with barely-there stubble, shifting into high cheekbones and long silk lashes brushing the peaks.

It aches, the way his lily petal hands twitch weakly in Dream's hair, tiny little huffs of breath brushing past his nose.

Sweet boy.

Thunder snaps loudly outside the window, and with jilted gasps, started eyes slide back open.

Dream gives him a soft, comforting smile, far too gone to feel embarrassment at being caught staring at his sleeping lover.

George curls closer, sweaty skin catching over one another as thin arms stretch across.

He's still tired, Dream can see it in the thick darkness taking hold in his eyes, the dark roll of thunder not enough to cast off the fog.

"Go back to sleep, baby." He whispers, coiling strong arms around a little waist. It's sweet how little George feels in his hands, smooth skin and lightly toned muscle. "It's okay."

"No, 'm up." George whines, lazily throwing a skinny leg over Dream's flannel-covered hip. The bare skin of his chest roils at the influx of chill when dainty fingers creep between his shoulder blades. They travel further, reaching up until bratty hands tug at his hair and send hot spikes down the his spine.

His little face breaks into a plea, lips downturned at the sides. "C'mon Dream, keep kissin' me."

Dream chuckles warmly at him, shifting a big hand to cup the side of his neck, thumb rubbing gently at the sharp jut of his jawbone. "You're tired, sweetheart."

Dark hair spills across grey pillows as George shakes his head, turning his face to kiss Dream's gilded palm.

Silver dewdrops sink deep into sun-ripened grain, pretty faces embraced by pretty hands. Almost impossibly, Dream rises higher into the soft echelons of love.

George brings a petite hand to cover Dream's, pearls to gild corded muscle, delicate fingertips tapping across knuckles of stilted ivory. The thin silver wrapped around a dainty ring finger glints kindly in his peripheral vision.

"Please?" George asks, tilting up sharp jaw to beckon Dream's tongue. He's already blossomed in raspberry and milk tea, collar stretched out across swathes of foreign familiarity.

Dream is nothing but weak to the sight, and his lips delve back down to the crook of George's honeydew chest. It's quick—a stolen taste of desired skin—and after a disarray of lavender bouquets, he pulls back, arms bracing on the bed as he lifts himself up.

“*Dream!*” George whines petulantly, frustrated even more when Dream pulls away from him to sit up. “Come *back*.”

His hands shift up Dream’s bicep, massaging heavily at the firm muscle. They’re too small to encompass the entire circumference, stretching just over halfway across.

Dream dips his head down to plant a tender kiss between George’s eyebrows.

“C’mere sweet thing.” He whispers, manuka honey on his pink tongue, lathing sweet over the pristine slope of George’s long throat. He loves the taste of fresh snowfall skin, clear and kind. “Let me hold you.”

George makes a pretty noise in response, and Dream tugs him closer with little effort, his small body sliding across love-soaked sheets with ease. He’s easy to maneuver, so soft and velvet as he curls trustingly into solid arms.

He sits in Dream’s lap like a little king, loose shirt sliding over a regal shoulder. He cocks his head to the side, soft little waves falling down his shoulder. Behind the hazy layers of fatigue, mischievous gold glints.

Flashes of lilac and seaside crash outside the window, and George jumps, pulled closer with each slip of distress. Soft heat pools where their legs rest atop one another, a dark flush spreading across Dream’s cheeks, flooding down onto his chest.

Dream laughs at his reaction, feeling George’s wing-fluttering heartbeat pounding against his neck. “You scared, baby?”

“Shut up.” George groans, wrapping loose limbs around the broad curve of Dream’s shoulders, his narrow hips sliding open while his hips settle over Dream’s. The warmth of their mouths pressing together sends delicate curls of desire threading down arched spines, hands gripping at each other until they tangle in soft hair.

“You’re so pretty, George.” Dream rumbles, breath teasing warm across George’s sleek collar bones. “All sleepy and cute, hm?”

George hums his assent, hand trailing up Dream’s spine to rest at the thickest part of his back, splayed out on freckled skin. His nails scratch lightly across it, eyes still closed as Dream peppers kisses across the fine swell of his cheekbones.

George slides closer, his oversized Sublime shirt draped over him like carved silk, the softly worn fabric previously belonging to Dream pressing up to golden skin. His face curls into the broadness of his chest, arms laced around the exalted strength of Dream’s gilded shoulders.

Dream sighs, hands embracing a slim waist, perfectly fit for his touch.

Something forlorn and nostalgic strums in his chest.

“You wanna do something?” Dream asks, lips soft and slightly chapped as he brushes them against the hollow of George’s throat, holding him close enough to feel their heartbeats twining together.

George ruts his hips down slowly, heart-shaped mouth parting in a pleased sigh.

“Yeah,” He whispers, breathing in the last remnants of Dream’s cologne, something along the lines of winter cedar and glowing patchouli. Hands card through deep warmth, tugging and pushing until legs stretch past their borders. “It’s kinda cold, though.”

“You wanna be warm?” George nods sleepily, thighs spreading further apart as Dream presses his way between them, flannel shifting against loose boxers. “Yeah? I can do that.”

George sighs breathily, and lets Dream push him flat on his back, arms stretching out reflexively. His whole body contracts, and his back arches high in a long stretch of tired muscles, punctuated by little groans and whimpers.

“You’re like a little kitty cat.” Dream hums, hands caressing George’s taut sides as he slowly releases the tension latent in his bones. “Catboy.”

His ribs are prominent through the thin fabric of his (Dream’s) shirt, Dream’s fingertips tapping in between the spaces.

Usually, George would protest, but now—filled with warmth and abed in soft cotton, he merely gives Dream a hazy smile. His lips curve like archways into nirvana, harlot deceiving with slick purity.

“I love you, Dream.” He says sweetly, cool fingertips tangling in dark blonde hair. The soft wind picks up outside the thick age-warped window.

“I know.” Dream swallows, the thick noose of his still bleeding aorta wrapped tightly around his esophagus. “I love you too.”

His heart aches, thoughts of their *last summer* together before college splits them apart and throws them into the destructive riptide of long-distance.

Dream brushes a stray lock of hair from George’s brow, exposing skin to his eyes.

His fingers trail down his cheeks again, pushing in between the rosebuds of his lips, eagerly accepted and taken deeply. He wonders if his baby will remember the taste of his fingertips after they’ve been scalded away by adulthood, prints grown again in a different age.

“Are you okay?” George asks tentatively, deceptively strong hand massaging Dream’s shoulder. “You know we can just cuddle, right?”

“Yeah.” Dream chokes out, cupping George’s face fondly. “As if I’m ever gonna give up the chance to fuck you.”

“Seriously, Dream.” George sits up a bit, resting his weight on his forearm. “Are you sure you’re alright?”

“*Yes*.” Dream says huskily, pushing aside grief and anguish in the admittedly juvenile search of pleasure in George’s body. George’s eyes trail him as he rolls his golden head. “I’m sure. Now come here.”

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No one ever said teenagers were remarkably well prepared for anything.

The same goes for the pair of boys, who, despite their seemingly constant need, forgot to slip a bottle of lube in either of their backpacks.

George gives Dream a huffy look, but he’s only greeted with Dream staring him dead in the eyes and pointedly opening his mouth and dripping spit on his fingers.

George grimaces but ultimately shrugs his cool shoulders.

“Fuck it.” He sighs, taking Dream’s spit-wet fingers into his mouth.

“That’s my boy.” Dream praises with a laugh.

It takes a short period of time for them to get sick of foreplay, too caught up in the feeling of each other’s teeth caught across their jagged lips to want to take it slow anymore.

George’s loose boxers have already been tugged off his long legs, Dream’s big hand rubs up and down his smooth thigh, the other now buried two knuckles deep inside of George, curling slow and possessive. Dream’s all too familiar with how George’s body stretches, knows three of his thick fingers are just enough to make his toes curl and his chest crackle with broken cries. He knows if he crooks his fingers just right, George will sob and shake, twist his jaw glare at him with thick tears in his eyes.

Dream really likes it when George looks at him like that.

So he does it again and again and again, fucking George on his fingers until he screams out in a wrecked cry.

“*Shhh.*” Dream hushes, pausing the relentless movements of his fingers to press a teasing kiss to George’s lips. “You’ll wake everyone up.”

“You’re a fucking asshole, you know that?” George spits, red in the face. “Such a *dick*, Clay—”

“Oh, we’re using my real name now?” Dream laughs, rubbing his stubbly jaw across George’s raw throat. “Sorry, mom.”

“Don’t reference your mother while you’re *fingering me.*” George hisses, growing impossibly more flushed. “You’re so weird.”

“Alright.” Dream cuts, pulling his fingers out of George and maneuvering his thin thighs over strong hips. “That’s enough out of you.”

George sighs, arching up toward the whirling ceiling fan, head thrown back into the soft nest of pillows Dream set up underneath him. “Hurry up.”

“Jesus.” Dream hums, lining himself up with George’s rim, rubbing small circles against it with his thumb as he slowly eases the head inside.

“Fuck—Dream, *please.*” George whines, clenching greedily around the tip. “Need it, please.”

Dream moans shakily as he thrusts deeper inside, hilted himself halfway. One hand planted beside George’s head, the other tracing the plump line of his lips with his thumb.

Dream’s always loved looking George in the eyes when he fucked into him, watching something crumple needily deep inside of him, eyes fluttering shut as his mouth splits into a whorish moan.

“Open your eyes.” Dream asks, sinking in slowly, savoring the tight pull around his cock. His thumb slips into George’s mouth, pressing down on his tongue until he sucks around it. His eyes flutter like he wants to open them, but something is keeping him from doing it.

“F-fuck. Dream.” George moans, thighs shaking. “So full.”

“Listen to me, George.” Dream grits, voice straining as he fully sheathed himself in George’s body. “C’mon baby, open those pretty eyes of yours.”

George's gaze melts open, big and hot. Smoky lashes frame the deep ochre of his irises, desperate and wanting as he bats his eyes at Dream.

Dream kisses his teeth at the intense heat from sunset eyes, grinding in deep, slow circles that take George's breath away.

"Your cock is so big, Dream." George moans breathily, eyes welling up with soft tears. "So fucking good for me."

Lightning cleaves the sky in two as Dream moans recklessly, fucking his hips deep into the pretty boy underneath him. Like the morningstar cresting through the dawn sky, Dream slides out, fucking back into him with pink embraces, over and over.

Hands grip over lithe hips, head tilted down to gnaw at sweet collarbones. George clenches tight and white-hot around him, nails dragging sleepily over his back, whining softly in his ears.

"So fucking tight, baby." Dream moans, digging his fingertips hard into the meat of George's ass, blooming crimson and lavender into the perfect skin. "Pretty boy, my pretty boy."

"*Harder—fuck*, c'mon Dream, fuck me harder." George cries, back arching high as he presses his chest to Dream's. His pretty thighs shaking, locked tight around his tanned waist, rocking his hips back up to meet each needy thrust.

Dream whines loudly, biting down on George's shoulder to stifle himself as he slams his hips against George's ass.

He wants to keep it together, wants to hold George tight and make him feel good, but he can feel himself slipping, tilting his hips in his hands until George muffles a pleased scream in Dream's hair.

Something breaks in his chest as he looks up from where his face lies buried in George's neck. His pretty lips part as he gasps for breath, eyes rolling back in his head as Dream thrusts directly into his prostate.

He doesn't want to lose this—how can he fucking part from this angel, wrapped right around him and crying out his name like it's made from gold and sapphire. Dream's face breaks in a distressed grimace, twisting his body and taking George in a desperate kiss.

"I don't—" He half-sobs, muffled by soft lips. His hips stutter as he rubs past George's prostate, velvety heat making it hard to think. "I never wanna lose you."

"Wh—" George starts.

"I love you so much, baby." Dream whimpers, biting down hard on George's bottom lip. Blood blossoms between them, but he only fucks George harder, hips snapping home each time, slowly falling out of rhythm. "So fucking much."

George moans as Dream impales him again and again, cock trapped between their bellies and rubbing past Dream's abs with each thrust.

Pale hands twist hard in blond hair, and Dream moans as white-hot pleasure jets down his spine, hips stuttering as he cums deep inside of George, fucking himself through his orgasm with enough power to bruise.

George shakes and leans up to kiss Dream again, moaning loudly into his mouth as he snakes an



arm down to jerk himself as Dream loses himself in slick white and blood hot skin.

Dream fucks lazily into his prostate once more and that's all it takes to have George spilling over his belly, sea salt and nectar as Dream whines at the squeeze around his overstimulated cock.

His heavy body falls on George without care for anything else in the world, holding his baby tight as they shake through the tumultuous turnover.

Outside the sky has let itself out, raining down doomsday floodwaters, coating street lamps and driveways.

Distantly, Dream thinks about what he would do, should he be God's chosen man, builder of a sacred Ark.

What would he deem worthy of salvation?

He counts what he would pile safe and on red oak and ebony—and he realizes, the only fucking thing he cares enough to build a home for to keep dry and warm, lies quivering in his arms, Dream's cum wetting his thighs.

Dream gathers him close, kissing shaky and desperate over a sweaty brow bone. George gives him a breathless giggle for his efforts.

Dream reaches out for George's long-forgotten shirt, wiping up the slickness between his thighs, over his belly.

He devotes himself to his task, cleaning love and desire from carved marble, tender affection for his creation.

"Dream," George whispers, brushing sweat-soaked gold from his forehead. "Baby."

Dream lifts his head, eyes hazy and grown over with fatigue and grief. "Hm?"

George sighs unhappily, which is decidedly not something Dream enjoys hearing after losing a bit of his soul from cumming so hard. His bruised lips twist into a sad smile as he leans close to kiss the peak of Dream's nose. "What's wrong?"

Dream swallows thickly and shakes his head, giving George a weak smile.

Cool hands cup his cheeks, thumbs brushing over long golden lashes. "Don't just brush me off, Dream. Something's bothering you."

"I—" He stutters, pursing his lips. "I don't wanna lose you."

"What do you mean?" George soothes, scratching at Dream's scalp.

"I just—" Dream mumbles, lost in the pretty tilt of George's eyes. Somewhere, the lighthouse of his heart calls out to the shore. "I should've fucking taken the offer at Berkeley, and we could've gone to school together and I wouldn't have to fucking worry about you finding someone else, or us moving apart and just—"

George shuts up his runaway train of a mouth with a bruising kiss, fingertips digging into the side of Dream's jaw. Dream snarls into it, pulling his boy tight as possible with possessive hands, throwing bruises onto his skin like soil dappled with shadow.

"I will never love *anyone* the way I love you." George gasps, eyes bright with tears, against harsh

lips. “And you’ll *never* love anyone the way you love me.”

Dream swallows away the salt in his throat, ripped raw with want. He nods his head with certainty. “*Yeah.*”

“You gave me this fucking promise ring for a reason, Dream,” George whispers, holding his hand up, “And I’m not taking it off until you put another one on me.”

Dream takes a staccato breath, holding their naked bodies close.

George noses at Dream’s jaw, face slick with tears. “We can *do* this. We both know NYU is better for you, baby. C’mon, we’re strong enough for distance.”

Dream sobs weakly, hands firm around his little waist.

“I’m just gonna miss you so fucking much.” He whimpers, threading his hands through messy dark hair.

George’s face softens impossibly, tired eyes crinkling at the corners. Beautiful in everything he does.

“We have a whole summer left.” He says, pressing Dream’s forehead against his own. “A whole summer and then the rest of our lives.”

Warmth again, the crackling storm outside.

“I promise you, Dream,” George vows, hands laced together behind his neck, pressing soft kisses to Dream’s eyelids. Child-like, stupidly beautiful optimism rises in his soft voice. “Our *whole* lives.”

Dream smiles, bitter tears in his closed eyes. He lets himself believe, let’s himself fall into the lull of saltwater and brimstone.

His ark has room for just one more soul, and it’s got George’s name written all over it.

## End Notes

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